

The Supreme Sacrifice...HEROES NEVER DIE

10



# FLYBOY

ANC

No. 2  
OCT NOV

Cadets vs. Apes.  
**MONKEY  
BUSINESS**

Death In The Fog-Bound Sea..  
**FLYBOY'S FLAME-OUT**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**"FOR IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER!  
WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER!"**



**MEET US ALL MONTHLY**

**IN**

**G.I. Joe**

**52 BIG PAGES!**

**EXCITING BATTLE ACTION!**



Susy



Lilith

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

**12 issues for \$1.00  
regularly \$1.20**

**SUBSCRIBE TODAY**

Send your subscriptions to  
Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.,  
366 Madison Avenue,  
New York 17, N. Y.



**10c at All Newsstands**

**Wholesome Reading For the Entire Family**



COPYRIGHT, 1952 BY APPROVED COMICS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

FLYBOY, Vol. 1, No. 2, OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1952, published bi-monthly by Approved Comics, Inc., 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Ben Martin, Editor. Application for second class entry pending at Chicago, Ill. Single copies 10c. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill. The publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.



# FLYBOY

WHEN AIR FORCE CADETS LARRY "FLYBOY" JETT AND HAPPY HOLIDAY TAKE THEIR FIRST FLIGHT IN A T-33 LOCKHEED TRAINER EVERYTHING IS LOVELY UNTIL THAT OL' DEVIL, BAD LUCK, HANDS THEM ...

## "Flyboy's Flame-Out"



THE CAMPUS OF AN AIR FORCE FLYING CADET SCHOOL...

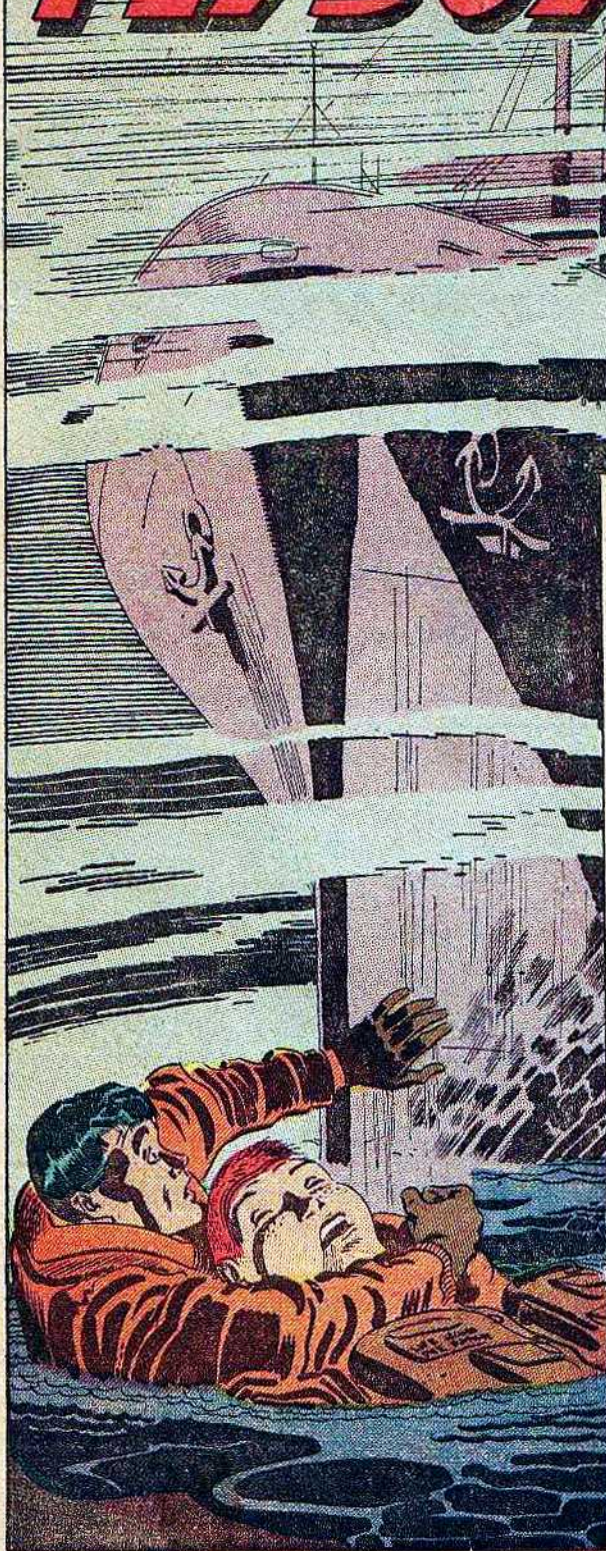
WHAT'S THE MATTER, LARRY? WHY ARE YOU AND HAP SO JITTERY?

YOU'D BE SHAKY, TOO, IF YOU WERE MAKING YOUR FIRST FLIGHT IN A T-33, LOCKHEED, ANNE!



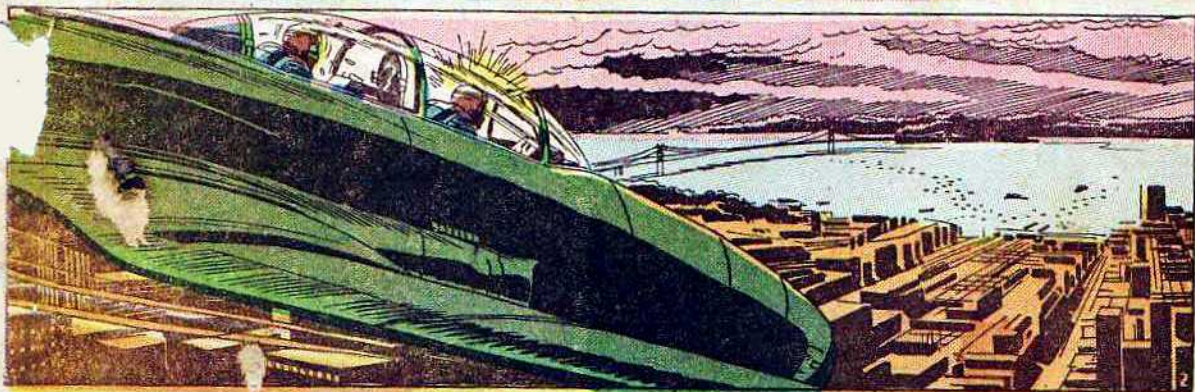
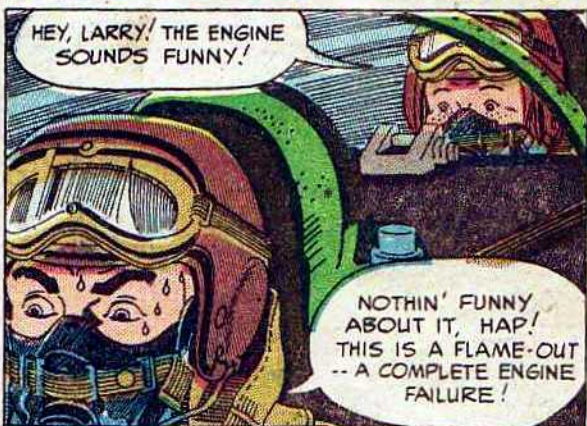
THE T-33 LOCKHEED TRAINER? THAT'S A JET, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, AND IT'S PLENTY TRICKY... ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT USED TO HANDLING THEM!

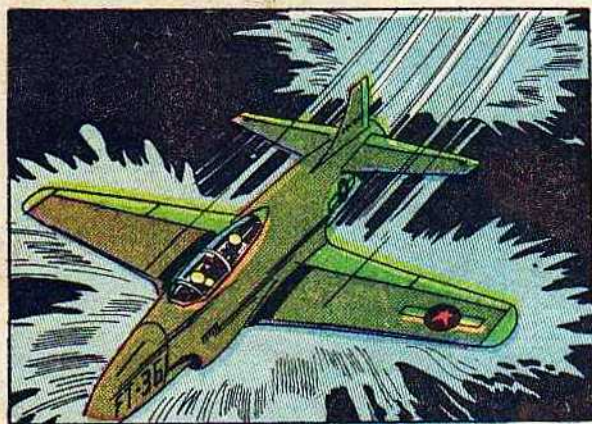




THE NEXT DAY...









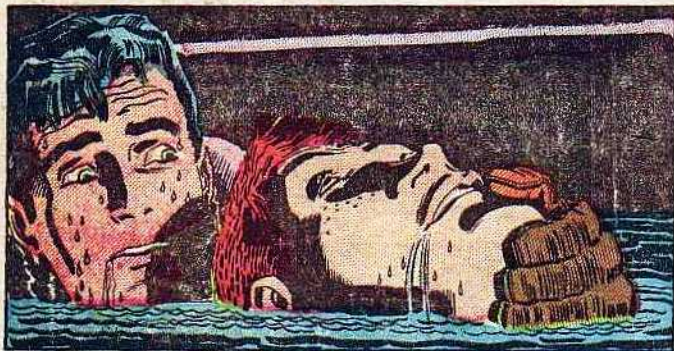
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE AIR BASE...



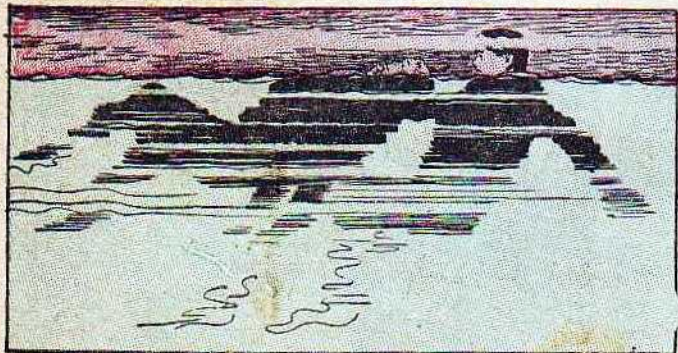
HAP! HAP! HE'S PASSED OUT!



SEVERAL AGONIZING HOURS LATER DARKNESS CLOSES IN OVER THE ICY BAY...



AND AS IF TO CONCEAL THEM MORE COMPLETELY, THE FOG COMES DOWN IN A THICK BLANKET...

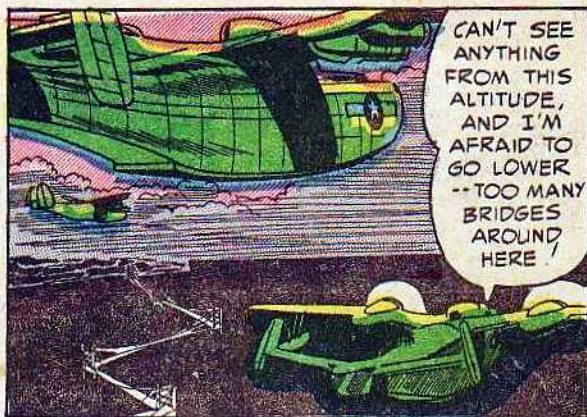




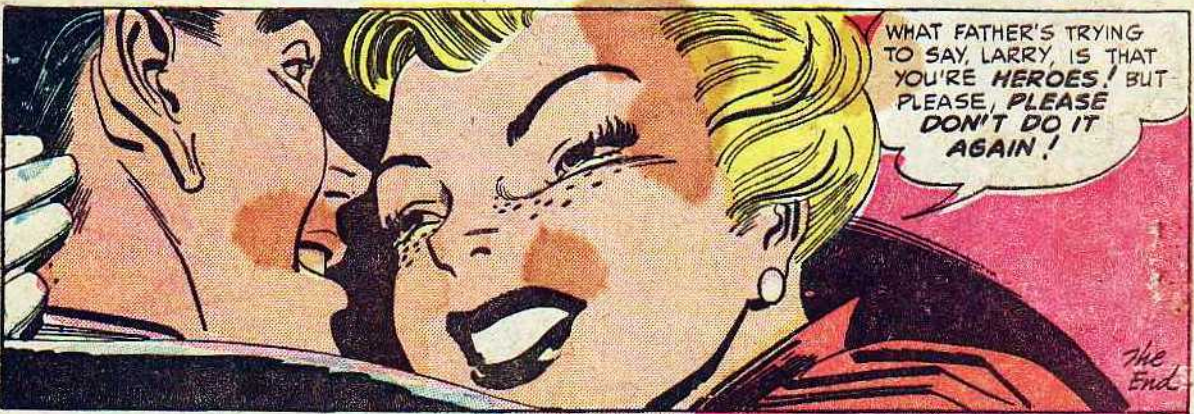
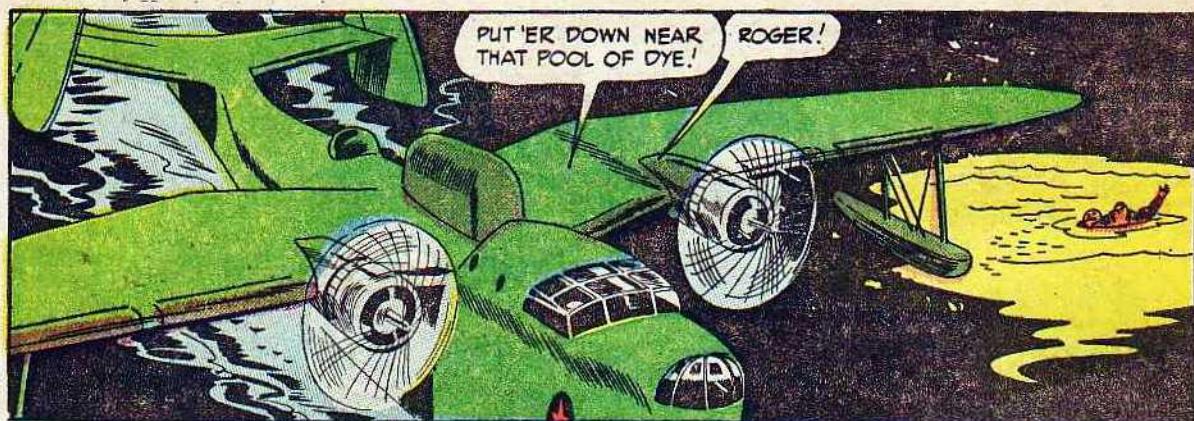




THE NIGHT STRETCHES OUT ETERNALLY. WHEN MORNING COMES, THE FOG BEGINS TO LIFT...









# FLYBOY

## in MONKEY BUSINESS

LIKE ALL MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS, THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE MUST CONDUCT MANY STRANGE EXPERIMENTS. BUT NO STRANGER EXPERIMENT WAS EVER CONDUCTED THAN THAT WHICH PUT CADET LARRY "FLYBOY" JETT, AND HIS PAL, CADET "HAPPY" HOLIDAY, IN COMMAND OF 27 -- COUNT 'EM! -- OF THE WEIRDEST RECRUITS EVER TO BE PUT INTO UNCLE SAM'S FORCES!

THIS IS A VIOLATION OF MILITARY LAW! YOU'LL ALL BE CONFINED TO QUARTERS FOR THIS!



AT FLIGHT SCHOOL, THE COMMANDANT, COLONEL "CHICKEN" CHICKERING IS CONDUCTING SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION WITH AN EAGLE EYE...

JETT!  
HOLIDAY!

YES, SIR! Y-YES, S-SIR!



THIS ROOM IS A PIG-STY! BOTH OF YOU REPORT TO DR. HARRIS, AT PROJECT A! TELL HIM I SAID TO GIVE YOU AN ASSIGNMENT TO KEEP YOU BUSY OVER THE WEEK-END! **DIS-MISSED!**







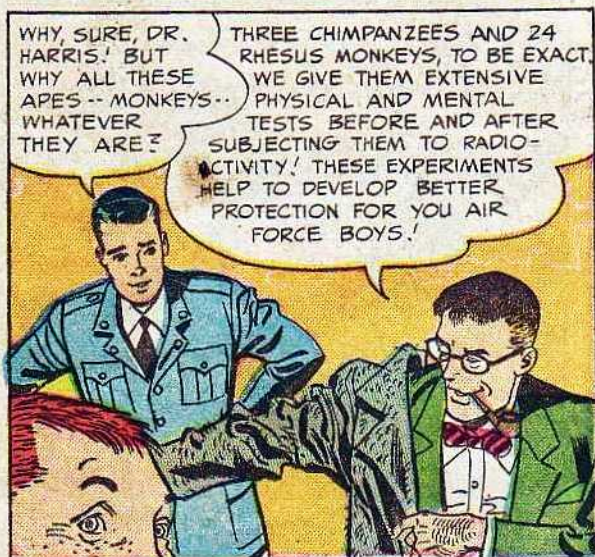
IT'S PROBABLY SOMETHING VERY HUSH-HUSH AND IMPORTANT, LARRY! IN A WAY, IT'S AN HONOR FOR US TO BE DETAILED TO **PROJECT A!**

DID YOU SEE COLONEL CHICKERING'S EXPRESSION WHEN HE SENT US HERE? IT'S **NO HONOR, HAP!**



CADETS JETT AND HOLIDAY REPORTING TO DR. HARRIS AS ORDERED, SIR!

AT EASE, GENTLEMEN! I'M A CIVILIAN PSYCHOLOGIST! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE PETS HERE! I NEED A WEEK-END OFF! CAN DO?



WHY, SURE, DR. HARRIS! BUT WHY ALL THESE APES-- MONKEYS-- WHATEVER THEY ARE?

THREE CHIMPANZEES AND 24 RHESUS MONKEYS, TO BE EXACT. WE GIVE THEM EXTENSIVE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TESTS BEFORE AND AFTER SUBJECTING THEM TO RADIO-ACTIVITY! THESE EXPERIMENTS HELP TO DEVELOP BETTER PROTECTION FOR YOU AIR FORCE BOYS!



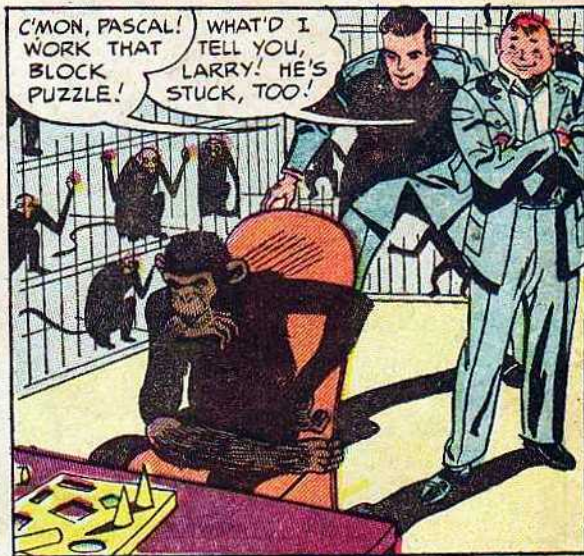
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FEED THEM, WATER THEM, AND GUARD THEM! YOU HAVE BUNKS TO SLEEP ON, AND PLENTY OF FOOD FOR YOURSELVES! SEE YOU SUNDAY NIGHT!

A FEW HOURS LATER...



(Y-YAWN!!) WHAT A DULL DETAIL! HEY, WATCH ME WORK THIS MONKEY PUZZLE, LARRY!

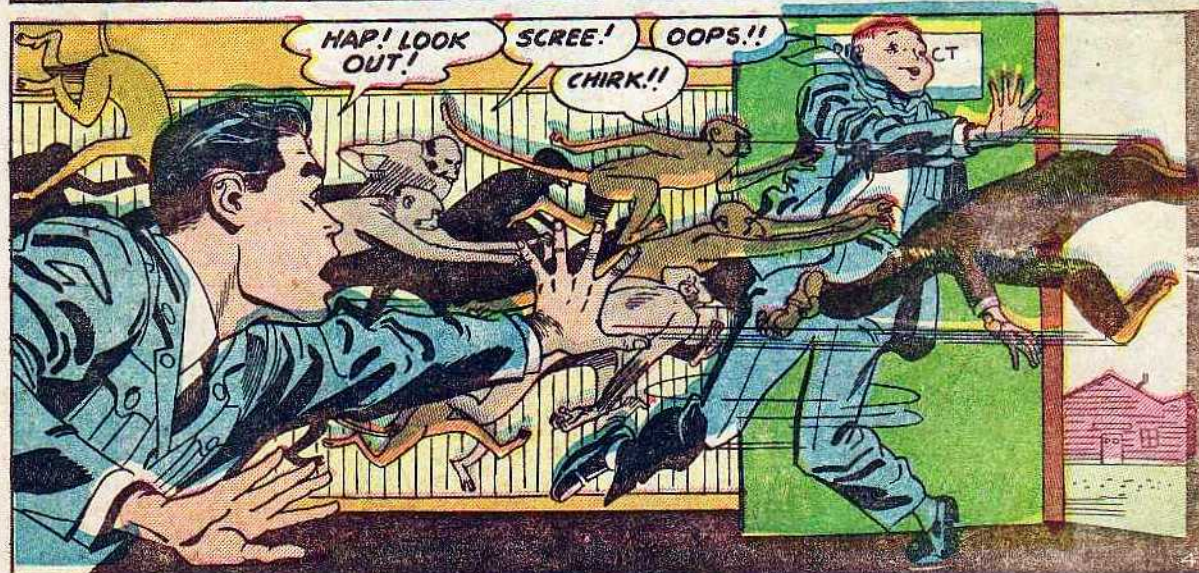








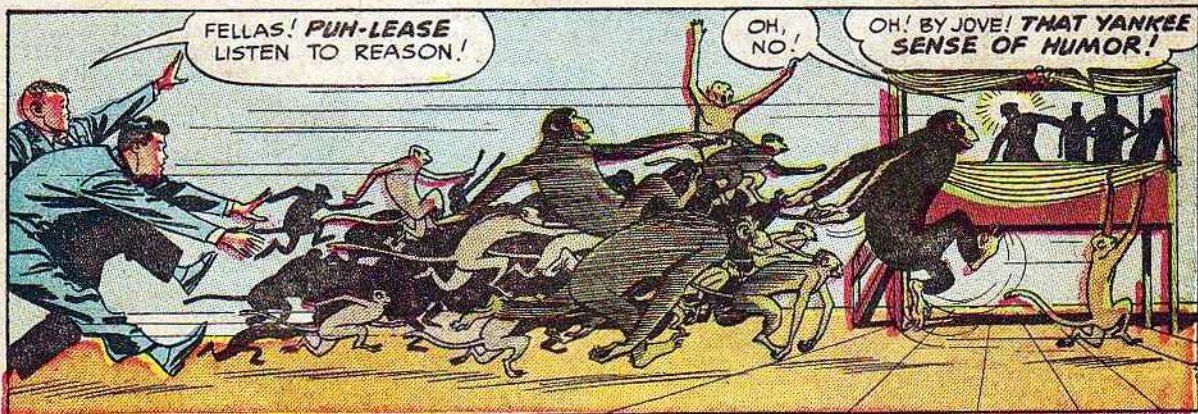
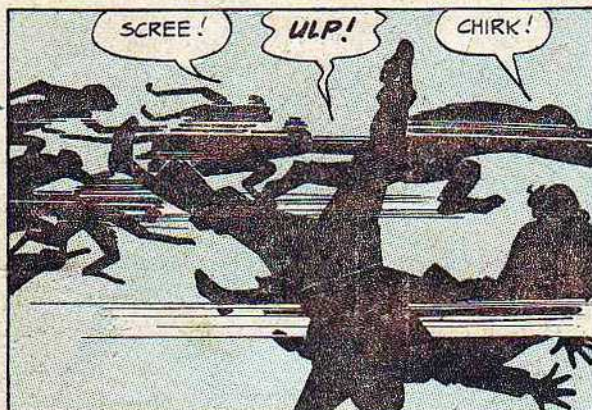
SEVERAL ANTHROPOIDS LATER...



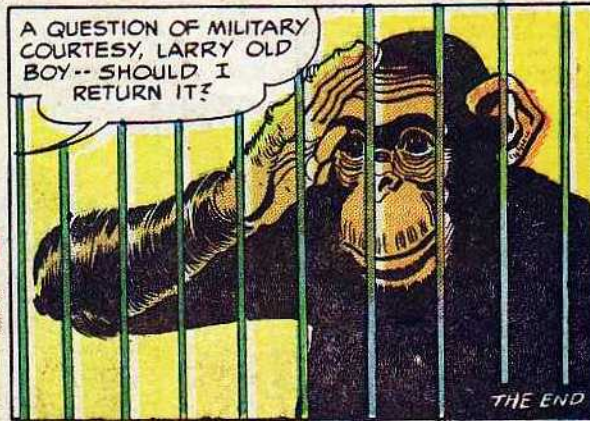






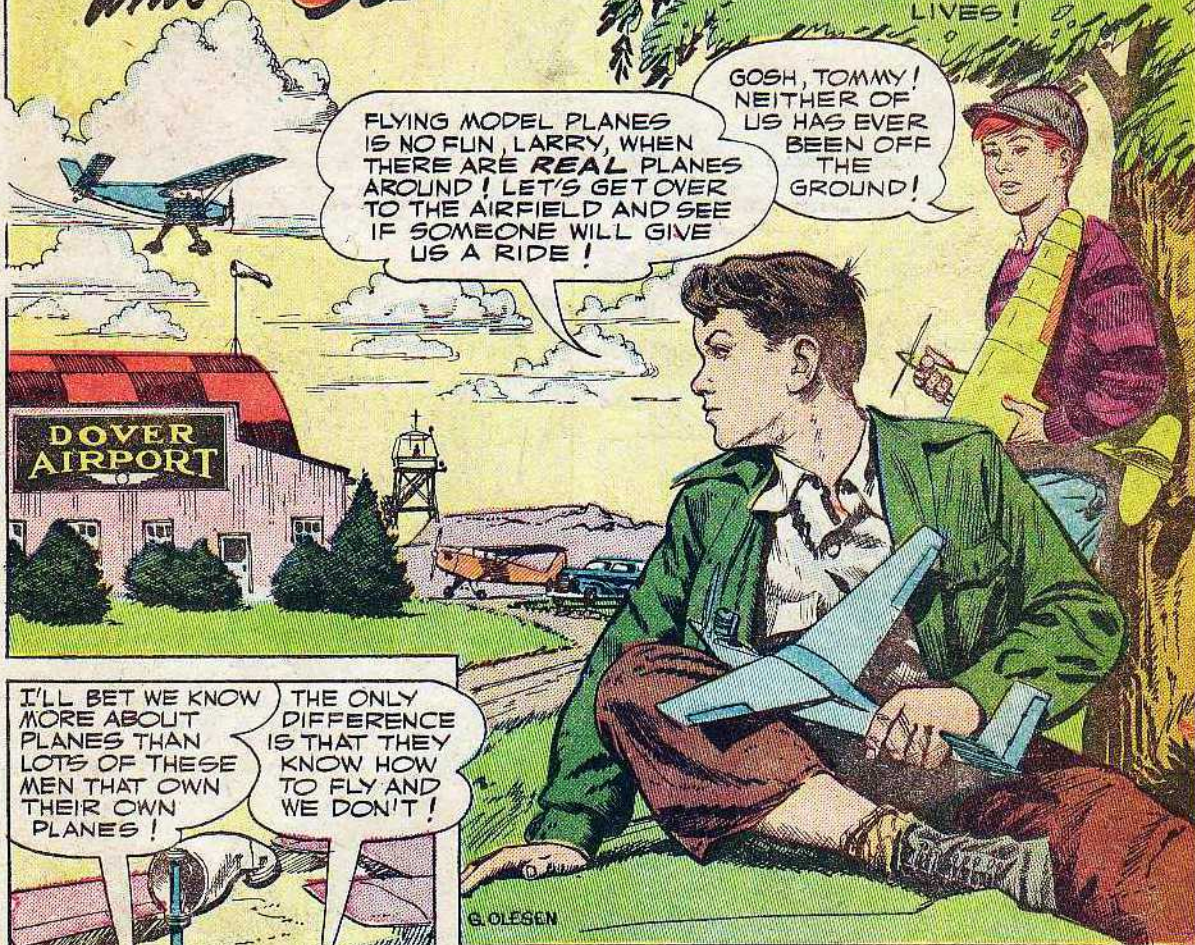






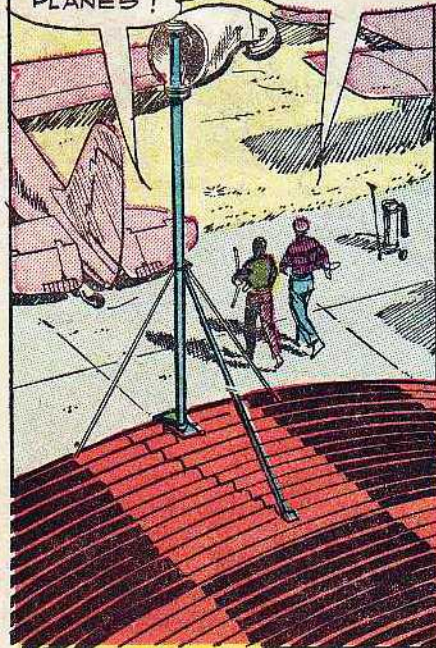


# TWO KIDS and a CUB



I'LL BET WE KNOW MORE ABOUT PLANES THAN LOTS OF THESE MEN THAT OWN THEIR OWN PLANES!

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT THEY KNOW HOW TO FLY AND WE DON'T!



G. OLESEN





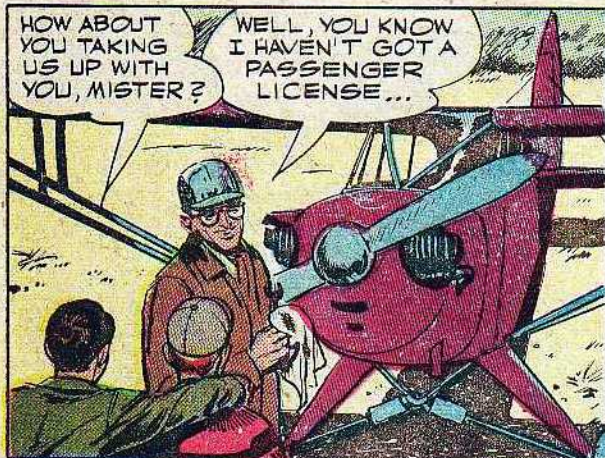


SAY THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING CUB YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER!

YEAH? YOU KIDS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PLANES?

WE KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT FLYING!

EXCEPT THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN UP IN A PLANE, OF COURSE!

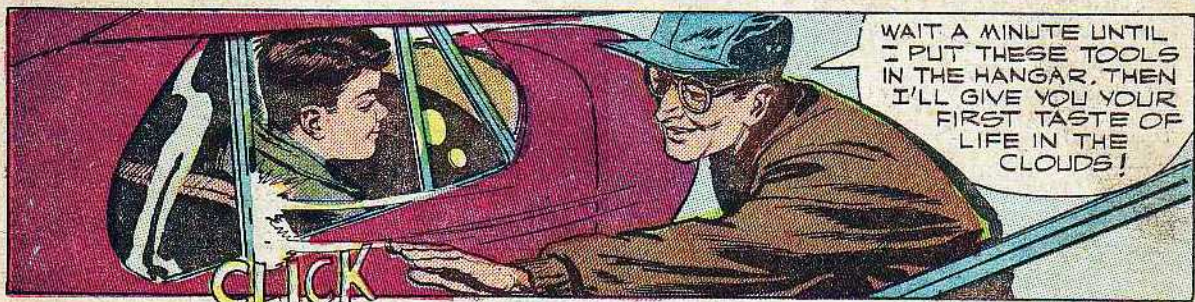


HOW ABOUT YOU TAKING US UP WITH YOU, MISTER?

WELL, YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T GOT A PASSENGER LICENSE...



BUT I GUESS I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN THIS CASE! HOP IN, KIDS!



WAIT A MINUTE UNTIL I PUT THESE TOOLS IN THE HANGAR. THEN I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TASTE OF LIFE IN THE CLOUDS!



SHUCKS! I KNOW HOW TO FLY! YOU JUST PUSH THIS-- LIKE THIS-- TO START THE PROP...

SURE! AND YOU PULL THE STICK BACK REAL EASY-- LIKE THIS...

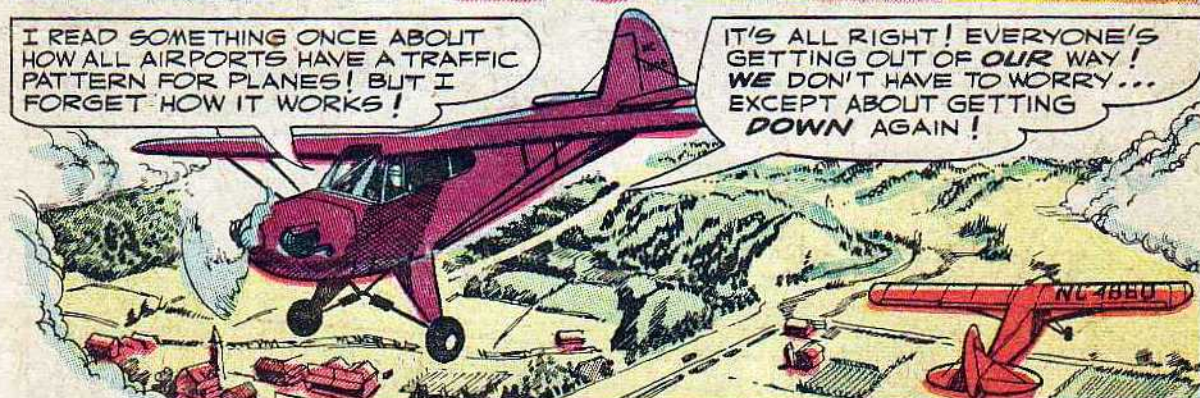
TOMMY! WE'RE FLYING!

GOSH! I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS THAT EASY!

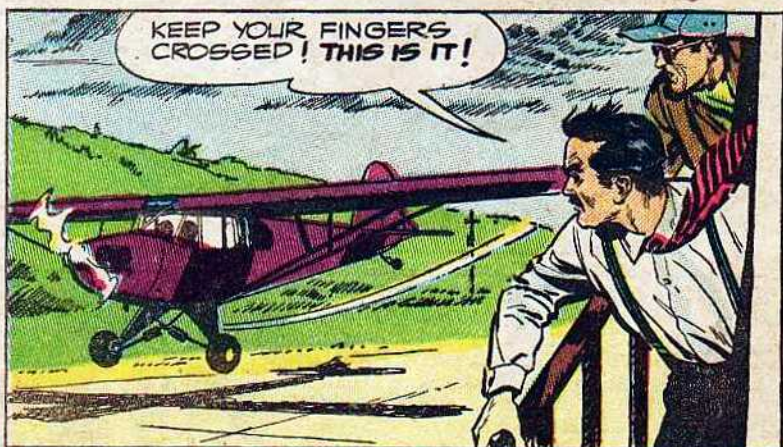


R-ROAR!

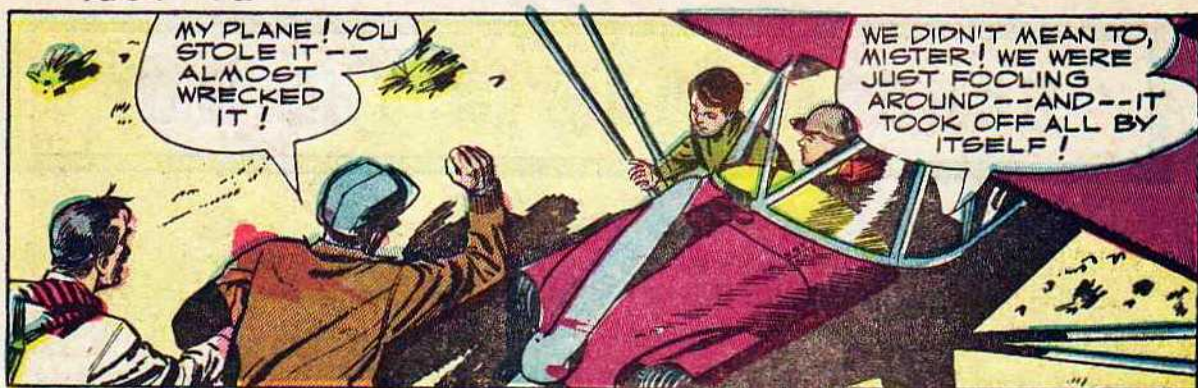














# SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE SKY

**B**RUCE KYLE stepped down from the train, shading his eyes against the hot glare of the Texas sun. The sleepy little town of San Angelo seemed to be collapsed by the August heat. The only life he could see were the pigeons circling around the old Spanish church tower. For one instant he had the odd feeling that the Air Force had made some vast mistake—that he had been sent to the wrong place. How could an air base fit into this semi-tropical scene? Then a flash of light on the horizon snapped him back to reality. That must be the field over there! He could see the sun glint from the wings of a T-6 making an upwind approach for a landing.

It was a quick trip on the bus. He checked in with the OD at the gate and was shown the way to the barracks. As he walked down the company street he thought of the longer road that had brought him here to Goodfellow Air Force Base, the road he had first set his foot on when he was still in high school...

"I'm glad you decided to go to college, Bruce! Made up your mind yet what you'd like to major in?"

"Engineering, Dad. I think that would be the most useful."

His father had been a little surprised at that.

"Most useful? How's that? Don't you intend to continue in engineering?"

"No, I need the college credit to qualify for Air Force cadet training, I'll be eligible to apply after two years. I'm single, my eyesight is perfect, I'm in good shape and... and, well I guess I just want to fly."

Dad had been trying to look serious, but now his face broke into a wide grin.

"Well, good luck son, I think if anyone can do it, you can."

That had been the first step. He had physical examinations, mental examinations, flying aptitude tests—and form after form to fill out. He heard nothing more until he was called for a personal interview at the end of his second year in State College. He had been worried after this session with the Air Force officers, but they must have had more confidence than he did—he had been accepted!

Bruce was finished with his one month of indoctrination. There would be more drill here at basic pilot training, also more lectures and more study, but he didn't mind that—he would be flying! For the first time he would be satisfying the ambition that had taken him from his home in Maine to this hot Texas airfield.

A week later he began to realize how easy things had been in indoctrination. To think that he had been griping because he had to work so hard! Now he was beginning to find out what a really full program was like. He had lectures and classwork in aircraft engineering, weather, navigation, radio and flight theory. This would teach him to be a flyer, but, equally important, he was training to be a flying officer.

Because of this there was more time devoted each day to military training than there was to academic work: leadership instruction, drill, inspections and physical training. Bruce resented none of this. He did his job quickly and he did it well. But he anticipated those five golden hours every week that were the most important to him—flying.

"All right Kyle, you take the stick this time, I'll just be a passenger."

He forced his mind to clarity. No excitement, go slow and make no mistakes. All instruments functioning properly... altimeter set at zero...



fuel shut off valve at full ON position . . . that's all okay . . . now check the traffic pattern and turn into the wind.

"Easy on that throttle, Kyle, don't be too anxious. Open it firmly but slowly—that's the way."

The ground rushed by on both sides, the markers at the end of the runway speeding toward him at an astounding rate. The air speed picked up and Bruce could feel the stick vibrate as the rudder came to life. A slight touch on the elevators brought the tail up—and the wheels were clear! He was flying!

All the training was not this invigorating, however. There were hours of plain hard work and study. And then there were occasions that seemed tragic at the time, though they could be looked back on later with amusement.

The Link Trainer is an invention of the devil. He gave it to the air force to hurry more poor souls to purgatory. This is an opinion held by more than one cadet after wrestling with this particular training device for the first time.

Bruce was worried when he took his maiden "flight" in the Link Trainer, but his worries were soon replaced by a feeling of confidence. He followed the radio guide, logged all the weather reports, did the instrument navigation correctly—he even dealt swiftly and efficiently with a clogged fuel line that the instructor created for his benefit. Bruce even gloated for a moment when the instructor complimented him through the phones.

"You're doing fine Kyle, *very* fine. You've followed your compass heading, allowed for the drift from the cross wind and kept your plane flying level at all times. There is just one *little* thing, though. Would you look at your altimeter? It seems you're flying at two hundred feet—*underground*."

Even this small setback didn't dampen Bruce's enthusiasm. There were more than enough things happening to make him forget it. Like the day when he had just completed a better than usual landing. His instructor, Lieut. Carstairs, climbed out of the rear seat and dropped to the ground.

"Kyle, if that is the best you can do I'm leaving. You can kill yourself, but you're doing it alone. Take the ship up. I'll see if it looks any better from down here." He walked over and leaned on the fence with exaggerated nonchalance, a shadow of a smile in the corner of his mouth.

Solo! His first flight completely alone—Bruce's throat was suddenly dry. He taxied out to the runway, looking around carefully for other planes over the field. He checked all the gauges three times—until it was painfully obvious he could no longer avoid taking off. With microscopic slowness he eased forward on the throttle, and then the plane was hurtling down the field.

When he looked back on it later he had to admit that his feelings of anxiety were baseless. It had been a very routine take off and landing. But the memory of the feeling he had when he leveled off over the field remained with him. Alone in the sky high above the earth—the freedom and the exhilaration! He carried it with him through basic training and on to advanced training at Phoenix, Arizona.

Bruce was a good pilot and his reflexes were fast. He was a natural for jets. He took his advance training in a T-33A, a two-seated version of the Shooting Star. Six months aren't a long time. His first solo was still clear in his memory when he found himself alone in a F-80.

He was the same Bruce Kyle that had stepped out of the train in San Angelo a year before, a little straighter perhaps, with a more intense look about his eyes. But inside he was no longer the green kid fresh out of college. He knew he was a pilot. The silver wings and gold bars just told other people about it.

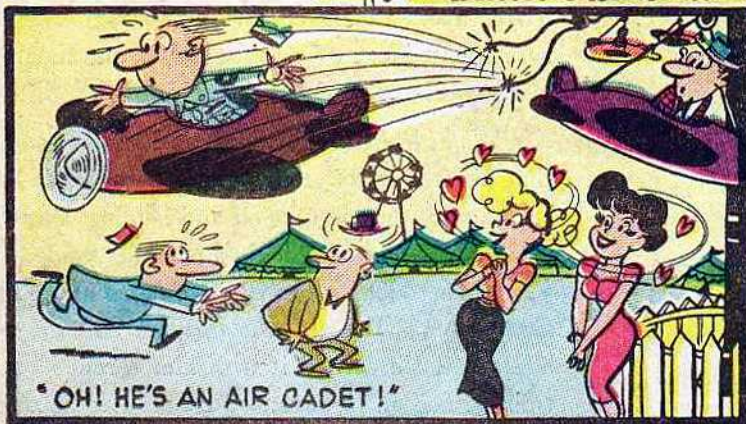
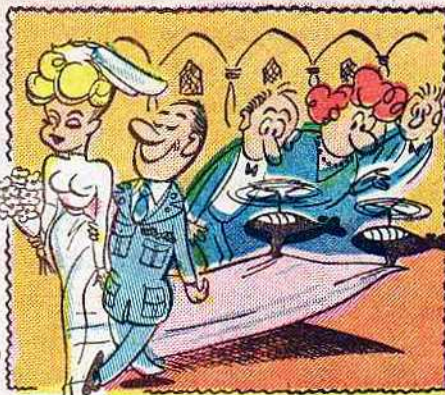
These were the same wings that Eddie Rickenbacker and Frank Luke had worn. Colin Kelly and Meyer Levin wore them when they went into their last dive, plus a host of other fliers both remembered and forgotten. He was flying with a great company—the United States Air Force—he knew now that a schoolboy's dream had been right.

THE END



# FLIGHTS OF FANCY

VIC MARTIN



## BOY MARVEL OF THE WILD WEST!



# Now It's KID COWBOY Monthly!

Thrills! — Danger! — Rugged Action! —  
Blazing Justice! — Gunsmoke and Glory!

Read—See KID COWBOY,  
Every Month!

on sale August 22.

At all newsstands 10c

Or by subscription  
12 issues \$1.20

Issue  
No. 10

**DON'T MISS IT!**



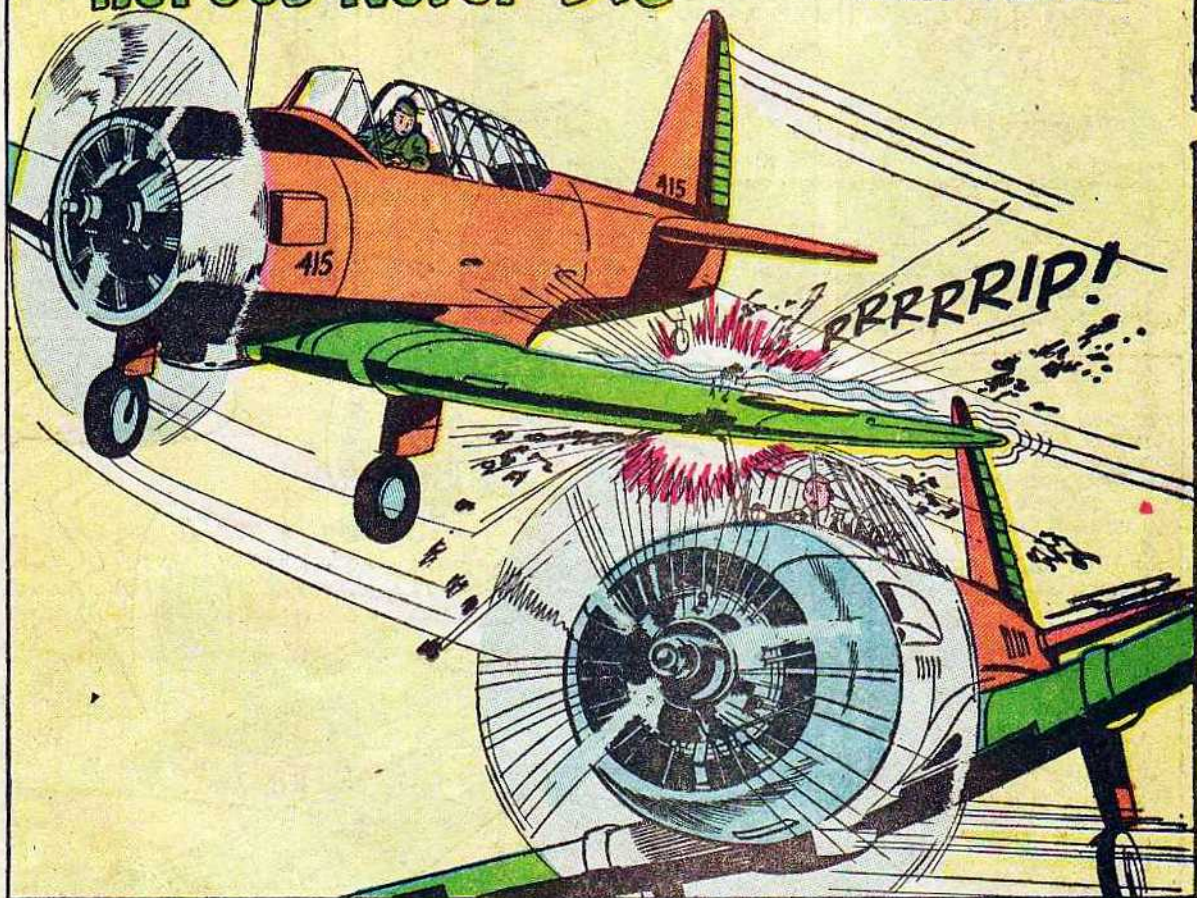
Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



# FLYBOY

in Heroes Never Die

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE OF A BRAVE YOUNGSTER AND THE DRAMATIC EXAMPLE OF A COMBAT-HARDENED VETERAN PROVE TO LARRY JETT AND HIS PAL, HAPPY HOLIDAY--AND TO ALL THE WORLD THAT --  
**HEROES NEVER DIE!**



ONE MORNING AS LARRY JETT ARRIVES AT THE FLIGHT LINE READY-ROOM--



AH, HE'S BEEN GRIPING LIKE THE REST OF THE GUYS ABOUT HOW DANGEROUS TRAIL FLYING IS. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM IT'S NECESSARY!

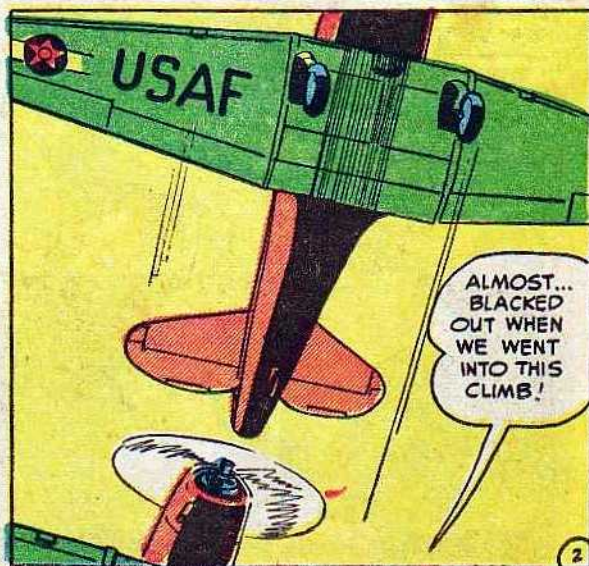
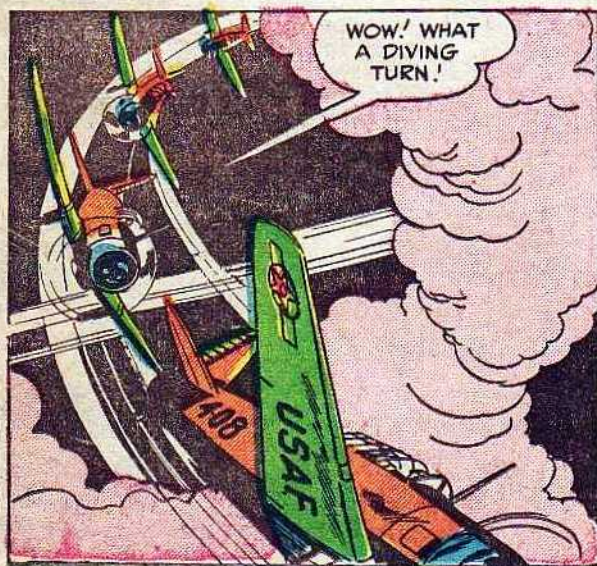
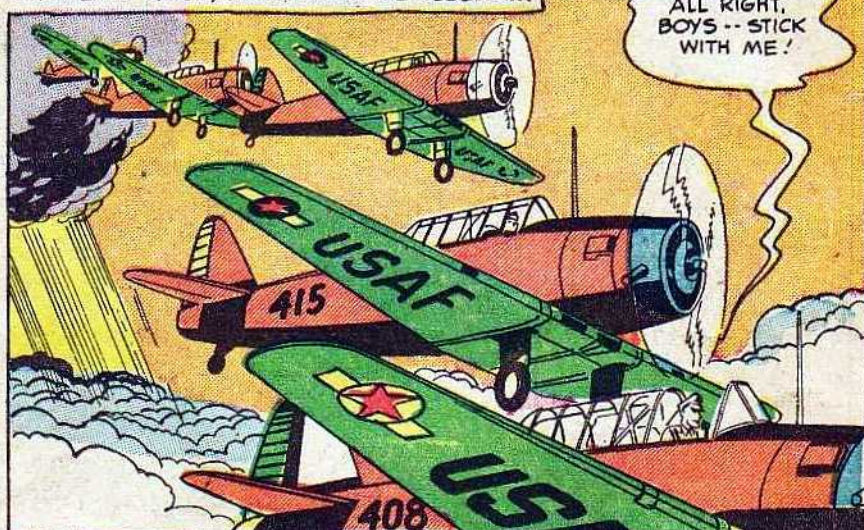
SURE IT'S NECESSARY, HAP DON'T YOU THINK SO?





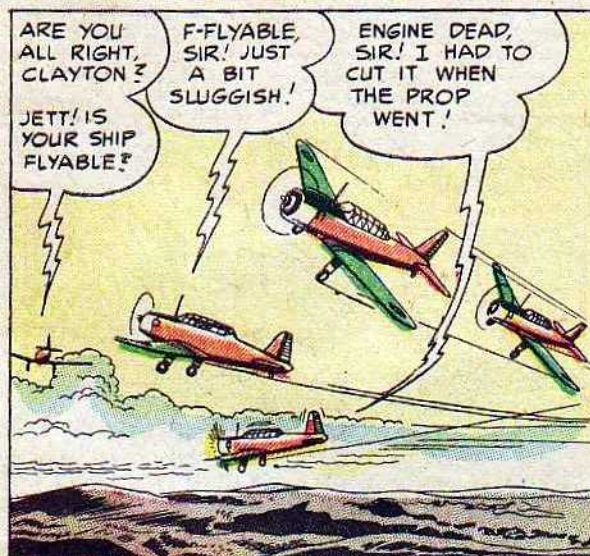
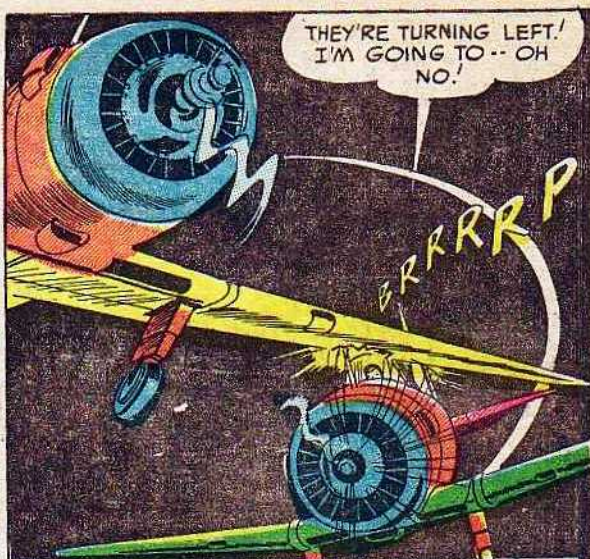
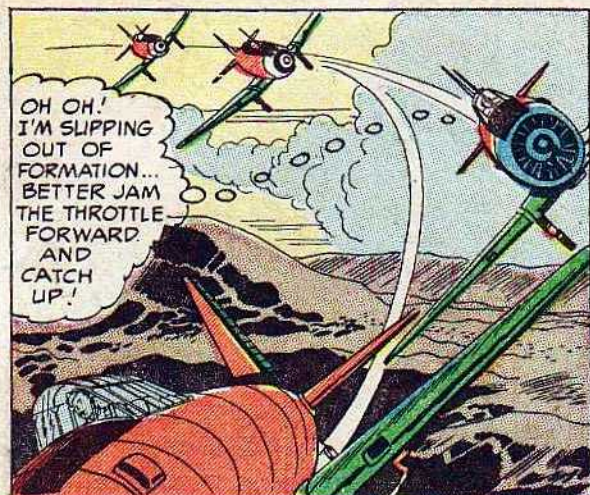


MOMENTS LATER, HIGH AMONG THE CLOUDS...

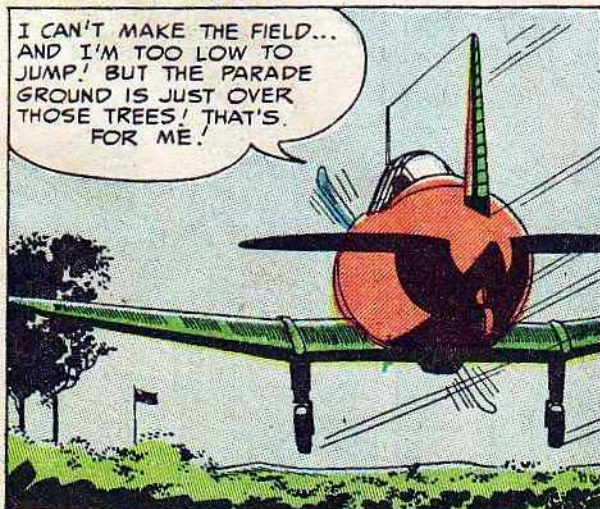




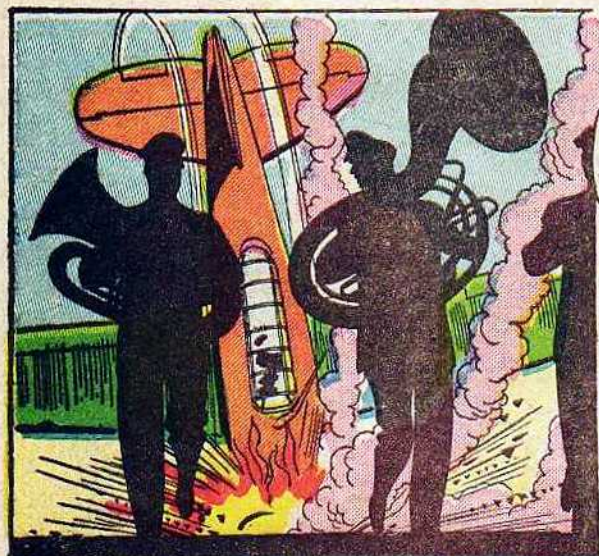
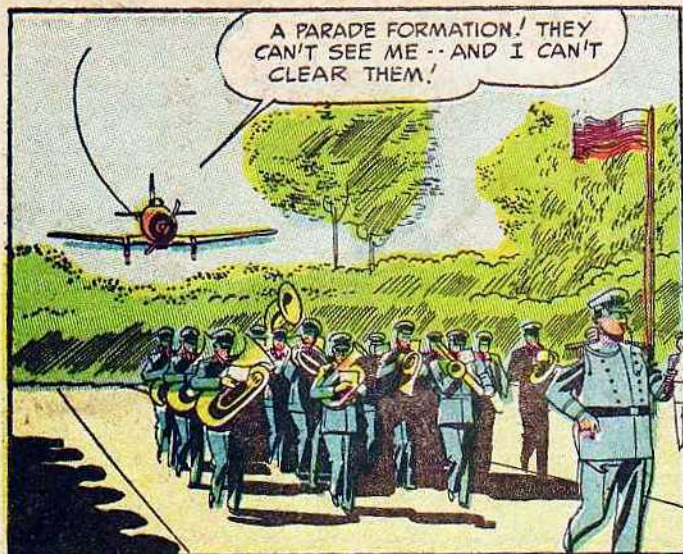
**BUT SUDDENLY BUCK CLAYTON, BEHIND LARRY, OVERSHOOTS A TIGHT TURN...**



**MINUTES LATER, AS BUCK'S CRIPPLED PLANE NEARS THE GROUND...**







BUCK CLAYTON'S DEATH BRINGS GLOOM TO THE CADETS. NEXT MORNING, MORALE IS DANGEROUSLY LOW...

IT PROVES TRAIL FLYING IS UNNECESSARILY DANGEROUS! OLD BUCK LOST HIS LIFE FOR NOTHING, AND...

OH, SHUT UP!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN!



YOUR FRIEND DID **NOT** DIE FOR NOTHING. HE DIED SAVING THE LIVES OF OTHER CADETS! AND HE DIED LEARNING THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE IN COMBAT, AND PERHAPS YOUR LIVES AND THOSE OF OTHERS LIKE YOU!



BUT WORDS WON'T PROVE IT. WILL ONE OF YOU VOLUNTEER TO TRY A LITTLE DOGFIGHT WITH ME?

I WILL, SIR!



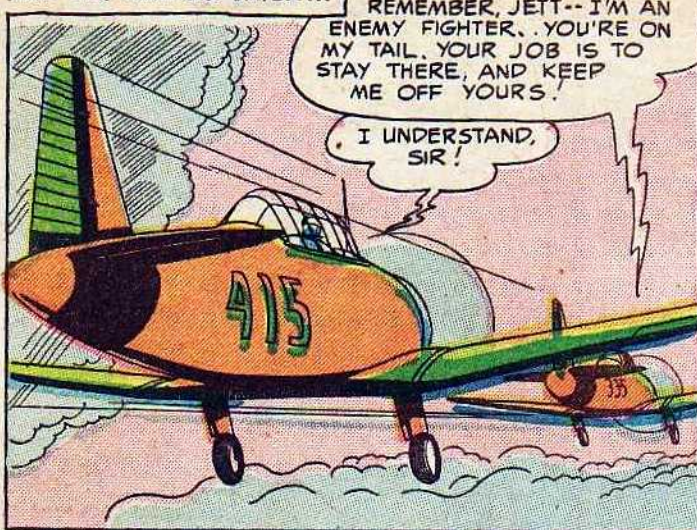
DO YOU MIND, LIEUTENANT?

NOT AT ALL, MAJOR. THE BOYS NEED SOMETHING TO BREAK THEIR MOOD. GO AHEAD, JETT!





AND SO, MINUTES LATER...



REMEMBER, JETT--I'M AN ENEMY FIGHTER..YOU'RE ON MY TAIL. YOUR JOB IS TO STAY THERE, AND KEEP ME OFF YOURS!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!

THE MOCK BATTLE BEGINS! THE MAJOR GOES INTO AN ENGINE-STRAINING, CIRCLING CLIMB...

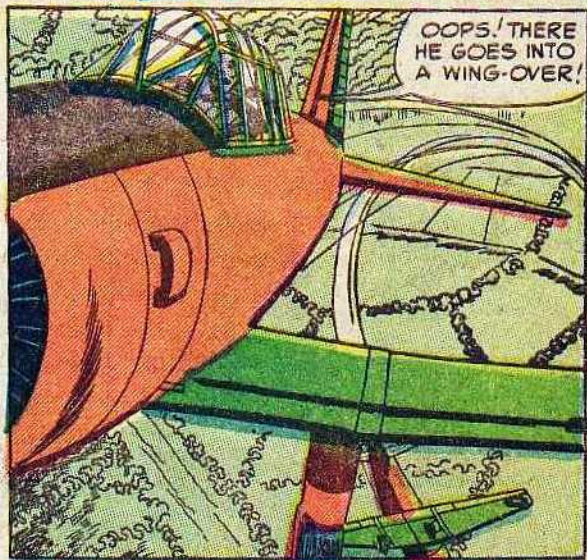


YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HIT ME IF YOU HAD GUNS, JETT!



--THIS TURN KEEPS ME INSIDE OF YOURS!

WHEWW! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



OOOPS! THERE HE GOES INTO A WING-OVER!

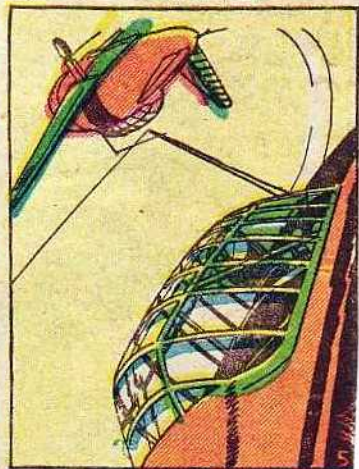


BOY! HE MUST BE TRYING TO CUT GRASS WITH HIS PROP!



EYOWWWW! COULD'VE ROLLED MY WHEELS ON TERRA FIRMA!

THE MAJOR'S SHIP CLAWS FOR ALTITUDE, AND GOES INTO WHAT LOOKS LIKE A LOOP. LARRY FOLLOWS...





BUT THE MAJOR'S LOOP TURNS INTO A NEAT  
IMMELMAN — AND LARRY IS LOST!

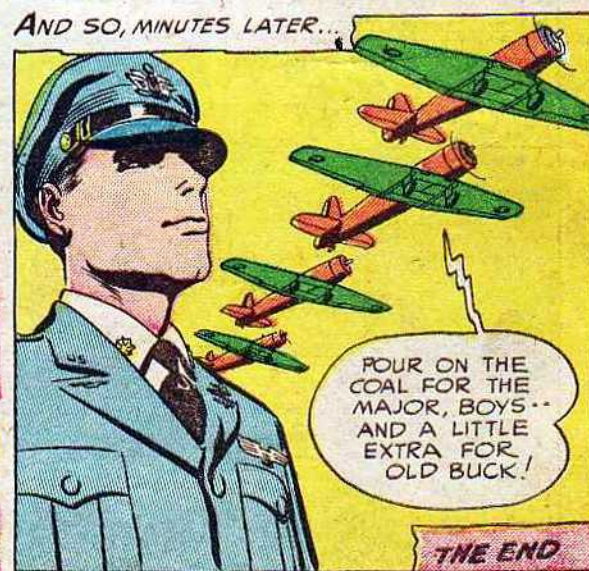
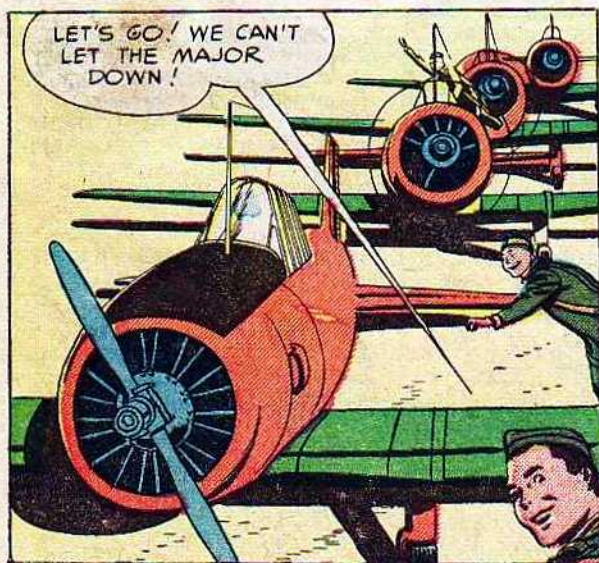




THAT AFTERNOON, THE CADETS GATHER TO SEE BUCK CLAYTON OFF ON HIS LAST JOURNEY HOME. AND AS THE NOTES OF TAPS FADE AWAY...



LATER, AT THE FLIGHT LINE, THE CADETS WALK GLUMLY TO THEIR SHIPS, THEN...





# The WEATHER STATION

MARK TWAIN ONCE SAID "EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER, BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT." THIS IS THE STORY OF METEOROLOGY, THE SCIENCE OF "DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER." IT IS ONE OF THE LEAST HERALDED, BUT MOST IMPORTANT PHASES OF AVIATION.

**THE PILOT BALLOON**  
IT RISES UNTIL THE PRESSURE OF THE HYDROGEN ON THE INSIDE IS EQUAL TO THE AIR PRESSURE ON THE OUTSIDE. THEN IT EXPLODES AND FALLS TO EARTH.



**FIELD CONDITION FLAG**: INDICATES FLYING CONDITIONS FOR FIELD. WHITE FLAG MEANS FIELD IS "OPEN".

**ANEMOMETER**  
RECORDS WIND VELOCITY

**WIND VEIN**  
INDICATES WIND DIRECTION

**STANDARD EIGHT INCH RAIN GAUGE**  
MEASURES THE AMOUNT OF RAINFALL.

THIS OBSERVER IS FOLLOWING THE BALLOON IN THE THEODOLITE TO COMPUTE THE WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY AT VARIOUS LEVELS.

**THEODOLITE**  
USED TO FOLLOW THE PILOT BALLOON IN ITS ASCENT.

**WEATHER OFFICE**  
HERE, WEATHER REPORTS ARE TRANSMITTED AND RECEIVED, MAPS DRAWN, AND FORECASTS MADE.

**VISIBILITY MARKERS**  
(ONE MILE AND THREE MILE)  
THESE ARE USED TO ESTIMATE VISIBILITY.

A WEATHER OBSERVER IS SPINNING THE WET BULB THERMOMETER TO FIND THE RATE OF EVAPORATION.

**INSTRUMENT SHELTER**  
CONTAINS A STANDARD THERMOMETER, BAROGRAPH, HYDROGRAPH AND THERMOGRAPH FOR RECORDING PRESSURE, HUMIDITY AND TEMPERATURE CHANGES RESPECTIVELY, AND A WET AND DRY BULB THERMOMETER FOR CALCULATING DEW-POINT AND RELATIVE HUMIDITY.

## CITY AIRPORT

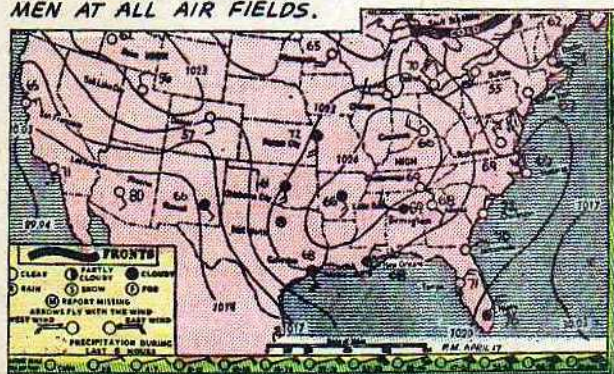




**GALILEO, WITH HIS INVENTION OF THE AIR THERMOMETER, OR THERMOSCOPE, AS HE CALLED IT, CAN BE SAID TO BE THE FIRST "MODERN" METEOROLOGIST.**



EVERY PILOT, BEFORE TAKING OFF, IS THOROUGHLY BRIEFED ON THE WEATHER CONDITIONS HE WILL MEET, EITHER ORALLY, FOR SHORT MISSIONS, OR IN LONG WRITTEN REPORTS FOR EXTENDED FLIGHTS.



HERE, A PILOT IS SKIRTING A THUNDERSTORM, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL WEATHER HAZARDS. IT CONTAINS VIOLENT UPDRAFTS, DRIVING HAIL, HIGH WINDS, AND PRACTICALLY ZERO VISIBILITY.



THERE'LL BE A LOT OF  
TURBULENCE IN THIS AREA, SO YOU'LL  
HAVE TO SKIRT IT BY FLYING A FEW  
DEGREES OFF YOUR COURSE.



IN MODERN WARFARE, THE METEOROLOGIST IS ESPECIALLY VALUABLE. IN A LANDING OPERATION, SUCH AS THE ONE ON D-DAY IN EUROPE, HE NOT ONLY FORECASTS THE WEATHER, HE ALSO COMPILES BALLISTIC DATA FOR NAVAL GUNS AND ARTILLERY, COMPUTES TIDE TABLES, AND HELPS PLAN LONG RANGE STRATEGY.





# THE LATEST FAD THE GREATEST HIT!

## SHERLOCK HOLMES DETECTIVE CAP



Get the year's biggest cap sensation—now! This sturdy wool and rayon detective cap is made and designed along the most expensive lines. Wear it all seasons, all occasions. Comes in handsome houndstooth check, either black and white or brown and white. State color and head size when ordering. Only \$2.98—and you get FREE Private Eye Badge and Powerful Magnifying Glass. Use coupon.



ONLY  
**\$2.98**  
POSTPAID

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Empire Mds. Co., Dept. F-1  
2 Marble Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Send me, on your guaranteed offer, \_\_\_\_\_

Cap(s) Size \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLUS



and



### "PRIVATE EYE" BADGE

Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

### "POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS"

You also get this powerful pocket magnifying glass. Study fingerprints, other clues. Handy in school and outdoors. Yours FREE with cap.

**GUARANTEE:** If you are not 100% pleased, return merchandise and your money will be refunded, without question, at once.  
EMPIRE MDSG. CO., 2 MARBLE AVE., PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.



# ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,  
U. S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



### TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



**TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS:** Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

**BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO:** Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.



**RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS:** Your Walkie Talkie can easily be converted to the broadcast



### RADIO RECEIVER AND INTERPHONE

band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.

**Certificate of Guarantee**  
If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES only  
**\$3.49** postpaid  
2 SETS COMPLETE

**100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE!** We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

MAIL THIS COUPON

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT. F-2 Send check, cash, or M.O.  
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units Price \$3.49
- ☐ Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial Price \$5.47
- ☐ Full payment enclosed Rush order post-paid
- ☐ \$1 deposit enclosed Will pay postman balance plus charges

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., 63 CENTRAL AVE., OSSINING, N. Y.



# ROCKETMAN OUT OF THIS WORLD

## SPACE STORIES OF THE FUTURE

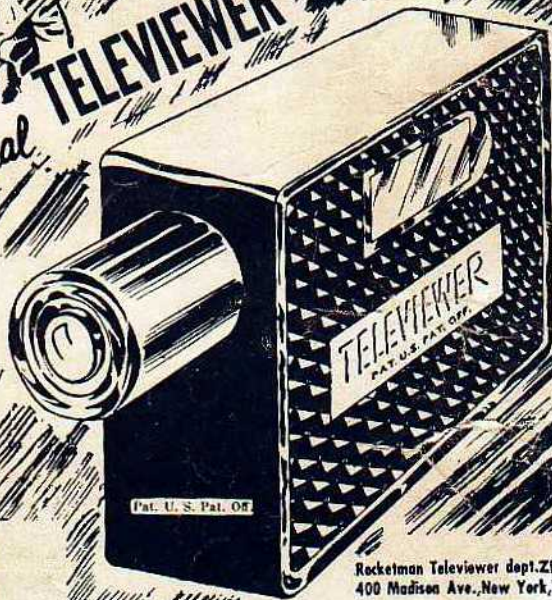
Now for the first time anywhere, ride through space with Rock Raymond — ROCKETMAN. Watch him as he outsmarts the mad scientist who is in search for eternal beauty, in the exciting adventure called "Beauties of Planet Land." See the thrilling rescue of Queen Merca, in the half light of twilight territory by ROCKETMAN. In a complete thrilling chapter on 16mm film you will learn of the fate of the beautiful Queen amidst the strange planets, hundreds of years hence. Space ships, strange beings all cast in a fantastic story of the future, "Beauties in Planet Land." This offer is being made through this comic magazine and the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER cannot be bought anywhere else excepting by mail. So don't delay, order now.

**NOW!**  
**98¢**  
Plus 2c for handling

*New Sensational*

needs no screen  
... no batteries  
... no electricity  
nothing else to buy  
a whole movie  
outfit in itself!

**TELEVIEWER**



**Rocketman Televiewer dept. ZF-7  
400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.**

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER together with five complete different, exciting and full of action films (over 100 pictures).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Clearly. No C.O.D.

**Rocketman Televiewer dept. ZF-7  
400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.**

**EXTRA EXCITING FILM!**

Be the first girl or boy in your neighborhood to own the new ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER, together with five (5) exciting different films with over 100 different pictures. Each film (16mm) (5) a complete story of different kinds. Packed full of thrills, action and adventure. The ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER is one of the finest viewers. Durable, beautiful colored plastic, super-fine lens, compact, easy to carry. Nothing to get out of order, lasts a lifetime. Original, exclusive, no other like it. Patented U. S. Patent Office. This offer is made through this comic magazine and you cannot buy the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER except by mail. So order now while the supply lasts!

**HURRY MAIL TODAY**



**You Can WIN**

This 15" tall  
**SILVER TROPHY**  
JUST AS I DID IN  
**10 MINUTES**  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



**I GAINED  
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY  
POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S  
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below  
ARMED **WAS ME**  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
**YOUR LAST  
CHANCE**  
TO GET FOR  
**ALL 5 10¢**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow  
**ROGER.** Let's pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

**as YOU  
can be  
soon!**

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

**NO!** friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **6½ inches** to your **CHEST** **3 inches** to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion just as I did.



**FREE**



**GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
"Champion of Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect Man Contest

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of **STRONG MEN**
2. **MUSCLE METER**

Dept. ZD-27

Jowett Institute  
Physical Training  
230 Fifth Avenue  
New York 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now again One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED find 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

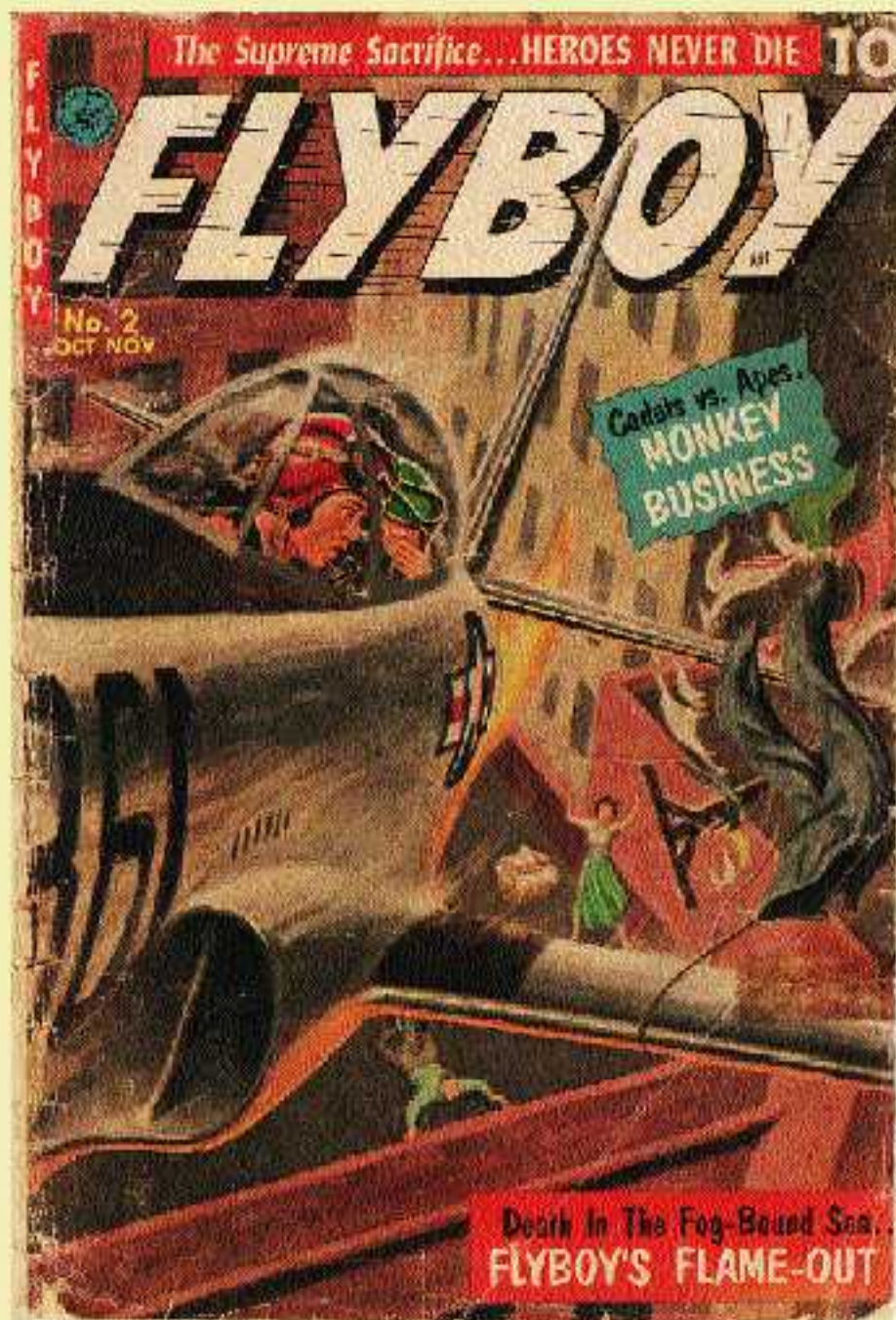
**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

**MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!**





## Flyboy # 2 (1952)

Scanned cover to  
cover from the original  
by jodyanimator.

What you are reading  
does not exist, except  
as electronic data.

Support the writers,  
artists, publishers and  
booksellers so they can  
provide you with more  
entertainment.

**Buy an original!**